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her "daughter" now; and when she thwarts his wishes, he is not angry but grieved.

For she still loves the king, which Becket knows hurts her peace. In her earlier days, she thought Becket not to be moved, praying Henry to yield. Now that she knows more of the rugged churchman's heart, she prays him to spare Henry, and persists until he yields and promises not to excommunicate the king.

She has crept into his heart; now in his time of trial. Her picture crowds affairs out of his mind, and that at critical times; it makes him think of the soft, sweet influence of woman and of home. Full of such thoughts when his own crisis comes, he begs her to pray for him.

And it is Becket's care for Rosamund, which coarse Henry interprets basely, which acts as an immediate cause in costing Becket his life. And it may be doubted if Henry's love for Rosamund, which failed, did not bring her less of true happiness than Becket's friendship for her, which lasted until the end. The curtain falls on Rosamund kneeling at dead Becket's side.

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### HEINRICH'S MESSAGE IN HAUPTMANN'S "DIE VERSUNKENE GLOCKE."

IN the third act of the play Heinrich gives expression to his highest ideals and aspirations, beginning with the words "Urmutter Sonne." Martin Schütze (*Americana Germanica*, vol. iii, p. 86) says in regard to this passage:

"The gist of the whole message, and part of its imagery, too, is contained in the story of 'The Bell,' in Hans Chr. Andersen's *Wonder Stories*."

We know that Hauptmann was perfectly familiar with Andersen's stories, even as a boy, and it is very possible that he got some suggestions from Andersen's story of "The Bell." But Mr. Schütze's statement is too sweeping. The sea which forms such an important part in the passage quoted from Andersen is not mentioned at all by Heinrich. In Andersen all nature is a great holy church; in Hauptmann we have a real temple, aside from the temple of Nature, into which the pilgrims enter. In Andersen the sun disap-

pears and the stars rise; no such change takes place in Hauptmann's description. The latter seems to me to have much more similarity with Uhland's poem *Die verlorene Kirche*, from which, doubtless, Andersen himself got some suggestions for the story of "The Bell." Some details in Hauptmann's description were probably suggested by the last chapter of Tegnér's *Frithiof's Saga*. We know that Hauptmann as a young man had written a drama *Ingeborg*, based upon Tegnér's great epic.<sup>1</sup> The poem, therefore, must have been very familiar to him. I shall quote the passage in question from Mohnike's German translation (Leipzig, 1842). Frithiof has entered the newly erected temple of Balder to be reconciled with the god whom he has so grievously offended. Twelve maidens appear and perform a dance before the altar of the god.

"Und unterm Tanzen sangen sie ein heilig Lied  
Von Balder, von dem Frommen." . . .

"Nicht als käm  
Hervor er aus der Menschenbrust war der Gesang,  
Nein, wie ein Ton aus Breidablick, des Gottes Saal,  
So wie der Maid Gedanke an den fernen Freund."

. . . . .  
"Bezaubert da stand Frithiof, auf das Schwert gestützt,  
Und sah den Tanz; es drängte sich vorbei dem Sinn  
Der Kindheitsträume lustig und unschuldig Volk  
Mit himmelblauen Augen und das Haupt umwallt  
Reich von der goldnen Locken Fluth; die winkten nun  
Den Freundesgruss dem frühern Jugendfreunde zu."

. . . . .  
"Es wuchs das Lied, die Seele hob sich immer mehr  
Empor vom niedern Erdenthal gen Walaskjalf,  
Und Menschenrache, Menschenhass schmolz sanft dahin,  
Wie Eisespanzer schmelzen von des Felsen Brust,  
Wann Frühlingssonne scheint, und es drang ein Meer  
Von Fried und von Entzücken in sein Heldenherz.  
Als wenn an seinem Herzen er den Puls des Alls  
Vernähm', als wenn er tief bewegt im Bruderarm  
Heimskringla wollt' umfassen, so war ihm; als ob  
Mit allem Fried' er schlosse vor des Gottes Blick."

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### MACBETH THE THANE AND MACBETH THE REGICIDE.

CHARACTER is not the most essential element in the drama. The primary requisite of the drama is action, for action is that which differentiates it, and makes it a distinct art form. Without action there cannot be a drama, whereas

<sup>1</sup> Schlenther, *G. Hauptmann*, p. 21.

there may be a poor one without any distinct character-portrayal. However, upon such portrayal depends the *effectiveness* of the drama; if the action is not the inevitable expression of the personality of the characters, it seems either mechanical or capricious.

Of all dramatic forms, tragedy is the most exacting about character. This is evident from the nature of tragedy: tragedy shows man struggling against overwhelming odds, and strong traits of character are needed to throw him into such a conflict.

Although Shakespeare is ever a subtle analyzer of mind and heart, naturally his most powerfully conceived characters are in the tragedies. Brutus, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, and Macbeth are titanic.

Of these great tragic heroes, Macbeth is one of the most fascinating to the student, because the interpretation of his character invites prolonged study. Although it has received quite as much attention from French and German critics as from English, there is not that scholarly tradition in regard to it that one would expect; for while a few of the criticisms have been unbiased and analytic, for the most part they give the impression of being subjective and fanciful. Therefore a review of the character, based strictly upon the lines, may be acceptable.

It is necessary at the outset to decide from what point of view we shall study the man. The emphasis may be placed either upon the ethical or upon the psychological phases of his character. However, the former are more tangible and are primary to the understanding of the latter, therefore they should be studied first.

We cannot understand Macbeth, the intriguer for the throne, unless we first appreciate Macbeth the Thane. Therefore our primary inquiry is, what kind of a man was this Macbeth before he figured in the peculiar circumstances which form the action of the play?

The scene with the witches furnishes a direct approach to the consideration of this question. What are the witches: are they material existences, evil spirits in the service of the powers of darkness, or are they merely the creations of Macbeth's fancy? However much

they may be in sympathy with Macbeth's mental state, they are intended by the author to be independent of him. We find four proofs of this in the play. The witches appear to Banquo as well as to Macbeth. The deeds between their first and second appearances are fearfully real. Two of their later prophecies,

None of woman born

Shall harm Macbeth (4. 1. 80-81),

and

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him (4. 1. 92-94).

are quite contrary to Macbeth's anticipations. Lastly, were they nothing but reflections of Macbeth's mind, they would reappear when he so much desires them,

Would they had stay'd (1. 3. 83).

No, the weird sisters are not 'the internal spirit projecting its own workings into external forms, which rise up before it with all the certainty of a real object;' they are the servants of the evil one, and are so intended by Shakespeare. He was simply abiding by the popular belief in making them such. Whether or not Shakespeare conceived their significance more subtly than others is quite another question, but with that we are not concerned at present.

Granted, then, that the witches are independent beings in the employ of Satan, are they the first to suggest murder to Macbeth? Some of our critics would have us so believe, but we have external, as well as internal, evidence that such is not the case.

First, as to the internal evidence. We find this in the very different impressions made upon Macbeth and Banquo by the announcements of the witches. Macbeth starts and seems to fear words that should have given joy; as Banquo intimates, why should a man be unnerved by a promise of future happiness? Banquo is interested in the prophecies, but he experiences no emotional disturbance; he shows the interest of any healthy mind in a singular phenomenon.

Again, as to the external evidence. In Act 1, Scene 7, when Lady Macbeth is trying to screw her husband's courage to the sticking-point, she taunts him with the reminder that he first had suggested the idea of the murder to her,

What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me (47-48)?

Even more, she accuses him of having planned out the very time and place,

Nor time nor place  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both (51-52).

Were Lady Macbeth the originator of the plot, as those critics contend who hold her for an arch-fiend, the destroyer of a noble nature, she could not so argue.

These passages just cited refer to a conversation prior to the appearance of the witches, for Lady Macbeth has the murder in mind as a desirable thing at the time when she receives the letter from Macbeth. The first suggestion of the murder could not have come from the witches. There is but one conclusion: it was Macbeth's own evil mind that suggested the first step toward crime. Macbeth was not the victim of fate; the witches came to him because the wickedness of his thoughts made his mind fertile soil for the sowing of the corrupt seed.

Is this view of the early character of Macbeth in harmony with what we learn later regarding it? It is, and, more, it is hardly a suggestion of the baseness to be disclosed. Witness the ancient tyranny brought to light in the scene with the murderers. Macbeth is charging to Banquo's account the oppressions which he himself has inflicted:

#### *Macbeth:*

Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he *in the times past* which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self. This I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd  
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

#### *First Murderer.*

You made it known to us.

#### *Macbeth.*

I did so, and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd yours forever?

. . . . .

#### *Second Murderer.*

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world

#### *First Murderer.*

And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance  
To mend it or be rid on't (3. 1. 74-113).

What a picture of the lord's oppression of his subjects, of crushed hopes and blasted lives! This has been the long slow work of Macbeth.

It is trivial to try to assign these offences to a period subsequent to the murder of Macbeth, on the ground that several years elapse between the coronation of Macbeth and the murder of Banquo.

Banquo opens Act 3 with the words:

Thou hast it now,—King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,—  
As the weird women promis'd, and I fear  
Thou play'st most foully for't.

To suppose these words uttered years after the fulfillment of the prophecies is unreasonable; the *now* forbids such a conclusion, and implies that the triumph of Macbeth is but just complete. But Banquo scarcely leaves the stage before the attendant enters with the two murderers.

We should not drop this part of the discussion without studying Lady Macbeth's opinion of her husband. If Macbeth was such a man as we have pictured him, how are we to interpret the words of his own wife:

Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o'th milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have great Glamis,  
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal (1. 5. 14-28).

Is Lady Macbeth deceived into placing too high an estimate upon her husband's kindness and conscientiousness? It would seem so at first reading. There has been an attempt to avoid such a conclusion by reading *human-*

*kindness* for human kindness, thus making the line mean, you are too conventional in your conduct, too much like the common run of men. Yet there is no parallel use to substantiate such a reading, and the idea contained in the word *milk* makes against it. In Act 4, Scene 3, line 97, of the same play we meet with the word *milk* again, where Shakespeare has in mind the wholesomeness, the healthfulness and soft nourishment of milk. With these passages compare *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 4, Scene 3, line 55:

I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Also *Lear*, Act 1, Scene 4, line 364:

This milky gentleness.

Bodenstadt, commenting upon the passage, says:

"We already know him as a quickly determined murderer in thought, and as an accomplished hypocrite; and this nature of his is not belied by the present letter; it appears only thinly disguised. The lady knows at once what he is after; she knows and openly acknowledges that his 'milk of human kindness' will not deter him from attempting the life of old King Duncan, but only from 'catching the nearest way;' that is, from laying his own hand to it."

Surely Bodenstadt is right in thinking that Lady Macbeth could not fail to read the very apparent nervous joy between the lines.

Therefore, for the purpose of testing, we may accept the hypothesis that Macbeth wished the murder committed, but shrunk from striking the blow himself, and from running the risk of punishment. The passage, 'without the illness should attend it,' easily yields to such interpretation, meaning, of course, without the aggressive initiative in crime; 'what thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily' meaning, you would have a righteous veneer for your acts so as to appear honorable. If we do not accept these readings, how shall we harmonize the above quotations with the lines: 'wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst *wrongly win*,' or with: 'that which rather thou dost fear to do, than wishest should be undone?' At the close Lady Macbeth exclaims that it is the *valour* of her tongue, in contrast of course to his shrinking cowardice, that is to chastise him.

But, that we may not appear to read an unwarranted meaning into the passage, let us turn to Scene 7, where Lady Macbeth is urging on her husband; surely if he has moral scruples she here will attempt to smother them. What do we find? Macbeth is just finishing his soliloquy, so full of cold, selfish calculation of the chances of success, when Lady Macbeth enters. With cunning and cowardly hypocrisy, he pleads moral considerations for abandoning the plot. Is Lady Macbeth deceived? Not at all; with unerring, intuitive subtlety she sees through the sham, and tells him that it is cowardice, and that alone, which stands between him and the action. Had she overheard the soliloquy, she could not have been less deceived.

Thus far we have been studying Macbeth the Thane, and we have found that the scene with the witches, the conversation with the murderers, the letter to Lady Macbeth, and her soliloquy upon receiving it, as well as her later conversations, all contribute to the inevitable conclusion that he was a villain at heart.

Up to the time of the circumstances of the play, Macbeth succeeded in deluding the public as to his real character. Banquo, Duncan, and Macduff all had faith in him; Banquo unsolicitedly commended him to the King for his valour (1, 4, 54-55), Duncan guilelessly sought the castle of Inverness (1, 4, 42-43), and Macduff acquiesced when Malcolm reminded him that

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well (4. 3.  
12-13).

But murder will out; therefore, let us now study Macbeth, the intriguer for the throne.

The great moral traits in the character of Macbeth, which the circumstances of the action bring to light, are his hypocrisy and his cowardly fear of retribution.

Macbeth's hypocrisy reveals itself as soon as he is seen mingling with men. One who has allowed himself to assume a false position in the world cannot act long at any time without falling back upon deception. Ross and Angus have entered and communicated the King's pleasure to Macbeth. The announcement *Thane of Cawdor* throws him into a

deep study. He is recalled to himself by Banquo's 'worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure'; with the cunning of the serpent, he replies:

Give me your favour; my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King (1. 3.  
149-152).

With such a clue, we are not surprised later at the man who, having just avoided discovery by the timely murder of the grooms, can say with pious tears:

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make's love known (2. 3. 105-115).

The old deception, that has stood him in good stead so many times, has almost given way beneath him here. Yet is he still the fondling of Fate, and she has protected him. What will be his support when he finally casts her away, as he does with the fearful challenge:

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance (3. 1. 70-71)!

We find the answer in the banquet scene. The table is spread, the guests are assembled; yet one absence is noted by all—Banquo does not grace the feast. The absence must be explained; the false lips are ready to excuse:

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the grace'd person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance (3. 4. 40-43)!

No longer may he hide behind the garment of pitying chance: Fate has anticipated the lying words, for even as he starts to utter them, the guest usurps the royal seat. But not so quickly may the false lips be stopped. They dare again to challenge:

Give me some wine, fill full,—  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,  
And all to all (3. 4. 88-92).

It is the last. Enraged Fate opens up her treasure-house, and blasts him as the hail the

flower. When at length he recovers himself, the veil of hypocrisy is thrown away. From this moment, Macbeth's course is avowed and open crime.

We pass now to the most delicate consideration which meets the student of Macbeth; it is the crucible in which the essence of his soul is tested: does Macbeth, either before the murder or after it, show any adequate appreciation of the eternal issues with which he is trifling; does he show a nature sensitive to the abuse of right, or one that, incapable of abstract devotion to holiness, shrinks only from the consequences of evil? In a word, does Macbeth show remorse, or simply fear of retribution?

We must gain our first clues from the soliloquies, for in them the heart is opened. Turn then to the famous soliloquy in Act 1, Scene 7:

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come (91-97).

The only clause of doubtful meaning is: 'if the assassination,' etc; we shall have no difficulty in understanding this, if we make a literal paraphrase: if the assassination could take care of the consequence, and assure, with the cessation, a successful outcome.

The conclusion which Macbeth here reaches is the result of a careful weighing of the eternal cost of his deed. These words are uttered not thoughtlessly or half-formed, not under the goadings of his wife, but as the summing-up of an hour of quite reflection. To the wilful neglect of his guests, he has set aside this time for questioning his soul. The answer is unqualified: care not for your soul's salvation, if in this life you are free from anxiety for your safety.

Then Macbeth turns to the selfish spirit that preserves this life; it weighs the arguments, and in turn gives its answer: you will receive retribution in this life:

But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murder shut the door.  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only vaulting  
 Ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other (7-28).

There are those who would find in the lines, 'he's here in double trust,' etc., evidence of honor and allegiance. They can be so construed only when they are taken quite apart from the context. The argument immediately preceding is, that in this world we receive punishment, because we teach others to do to us as we have done to them; the succeeding argument is, that Duncan's meekness and virtue will discover the deed to all. Moreover the intimate connective *besides* indicates that the argument to follow is of like nature with those which have just preceded it. Indeed if we scrutinize closely the lines of the doubtful passage itself, we find strong arguments against the safety of the murder, for Macbeth, as the kinsman and the host, must answer for the murder committed in his own castle.

When we approach a step nearer to the murder, we find that the mind of the assassin is still controlled by the fear of discovery:

If we should fail (1. 7. 59)?

Will it (not) be received,

When we have mark'd with blood these sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
 That they have done it (1. 7. 74-77)?

Regardless of duty and gratitude, he shrinks from the atrocious deed only because he is a coward at heart. This is what we should have anticipated from our knowledge of his past life. Knowing Macbeth's state of mind up to the hour of the murder, it is not hard to understand the immediate effect of the murder upon him. No sooner is it committed than all self-control is lost, and he is attacked with excessive perturbation. The mumblings of the grooms awake his superstition, strange noises startle him, and voices of the other world

utter foreboding prophecies. So completely is he the victim of emotion that he forgets to smear the grooms, nor does he dare return to complete the act. This disturbance is the necessary recoil of the moral coward. His words express not the slightest consideration for the victim, but consuming fear for his own safety. Every remark is self-directive:

But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?

I had most need of blessing (2. 2. 31-32).

'Macbeth shall sleep no more (2. 2. 43)!

How is't with me, when every noise appals me (2. 2. 58)?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes  
 (2. 2. 59)!

Even the last hurried

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst  
 (2. 2. 73)!

is but the false hope with which for the moment a guilty mind would soothe itself.

The argument may be advanced that, at such a critical moment, Macbeth is so dominated by his imagination and by his extreme nervous irritability, that his better nature cannot appear. This argument is worthy of consideration, but to answer it we need but examine Macbeth's feelings after the immediate excitement has spent itself. The first illuminative passage is in Act 3, Scene 2, where Lady Macbeth chides her husband for his distressed looks:

How now, my Lord! why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died  
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
 Should be without regard; what's done is done (8-12).

Undoubtedly Lady Macbeth thinks that her husband is growing morbid; she has seen little of him since the murder; she is no longer the partner of his plans, only the sharer of his frightful dreams; and when he enters with troubled brow she naturally imputes his looks to the same anguish which is soon to kill her. But that she here misunderstands Macbeth is evident from his reply. His thoughts are not directed above the earth. The old fear of discovery and retribution is still dogging him in the person of Banquo:

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
 She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further (3. 2. 13-26).

Such is the happiness for which Macbeth envies his victim: not the joy of clean hands and a pure heart, but the escape from steel, poison, malice domestic, and foreign levy.

If now we scan the remainder of the play, even line by line, we shall find that fear of earthly punishment and longing for selfish happiness are uppermost in Macbeth's thoughts to the very last. It is the former that makes so dramatic the words which burst from his heart when the guests have left, and the whole consequence of Fleance's escape rushes over him:

It will have blood (3. 4. 122).

It is the latter that dictates the bitter lament:

And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have (5. 3. 24-26).

If Macbeth had felt any genuine remorse, it would have found expression in words of undoubted meaning. There would have been *moments*, at least, when considerations of self would have been forgotten in sorrow at the thought of the suffering caused to others, and in an overwhelming sense of the awfulness of crime. When Shakespeare wishes to portray remorse, he does so with a sure touch. There is no mistaking the remorse in Alonzo's confession of crime:

O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper ; it did base my trespass ( *Tempest* 3.  
3. 96-99) !

Equally clearly is it remorse that prompts the words of Posthumus when he thinks he has caused the death of his wife :

Desired more than constrained ; to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.

For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coined it.  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp ;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;

You rather mine, being yours ; and so, great Powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds ( *Cymbeline* 5. 4. 15-28) !

Even Richard the Third shows more spiritual sensitiveness than Macbeth :

O coward conscience, how thou dost afflict me !

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain (5. 3. 181-197).

In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to Juliet :

'Tis meet so, daughter ; but lest you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear (2. 3. 29-34).

Macbeth spared heaven neither through love nor fear.

The question may be proposed: If Macbeth is such a villain, why is the play so popular upon the stage? It has been a tradition of the drama from the days of Aristotle that the spectator must feel moral companionship for the hero, else the tragic emotions, pity and fear, cannot affect him. The history of the stage proves that Aristotle's analysis is inadequate. To the strict follower of Aristotle, the success of such a villain as Richard the Third as a tragic hero must ever be an enigma. No one can pity the man who loves evil for its own sake, nor can such an one cause us to fear retribution for our own acts. We can only explain the enthusiasm with which Richard the Third is always received, when we admit that any great display of human power is dramatic, great intellect tyrannizing over men and riding down all opposition, as well as great soul battling against ambition or jealousy. Macbeth may be a villain, and yet be a good tragic hero.

Despite its general popularity, it is the testimony of many who have seen this play upon the stage that the latter part is not only uninteresting, but distressing. The cause of such feeling is not hard to find. Such theatre-goers conceive of *Macbeth* as a great moral battle-field, where is to be witnessed the gradual overthrow of exalted manhood, the extermination of a soul. Their interest is centered upon a supposed inward conflict ; and when Macbeth is seen to yield himself quickly and unreservedly to all evil after the murder,



they feel that the real struggle is over, and look upon the rest of his actions as the throes of a being from whom the light of the soul is vanished. To all such the play must be unsatisfactory. It may be uninterruptedly pleasing only to one who finds in it the inevitable expression of, and conclusion to, a life of selfishness.

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### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Précis de l'Histoire de France, avec des Notes Explicatives en Anglais*, par ALCÉE FORTIER, Professeur à l'Université Tulane de la Louisiane. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1899. 12mo, pp. 173.

IN offering another history of France, Mr. Fortier has had in view not special students of history, but Americans who are learning French, and who wish to gain in a short time an acquaintance with the main outlines of the history of the country whose language and literature they are studying. Writing for college students, he has dispensed with the elementary apparatus: pictures, questions, etc., commonly found in the short text-books of history used in the schools of France. There are three colored maps: *Gallia*; *France, showing the Provinces*; *France, showing the Départements*. But we miss the genealogical tables of the reigning houses of France. Such tables are manifestly helpful, determining at a glance relationship and fixing the starting-points of new governmental policies. It is to be hoped that they will be inserted in a later edition.

As Mr. Fortier treats, in the short compass of one hundred and seventy-three pages, the whole range of French history, beginning even with a mention of the prehistoric Cave Dwellers, and closing with an allusion to the Exposition of 1900, he has been compelled in many cases to limit himself to a brief statement, incurring at times the risk of dryness. The latter remark is applicable chiefly to the treatment of the centuries preceding the Renaissance; but throughout the book the author seeks to relieve the monotony of military

annals by brief indications of the development and natural tendencies of French life.

Attention is called to the following points in which, according to our view, corrections or modifications are to be made: P. 2, l. 25, the date of the founding of Marseilles is said to be "l'an six cent de notre ère" instead of *avant J.-C.* P. 60, l. 5, it is misleading to say in the same sentence that Marot and Ronsard received their poetic inspiration from the ancients, meaning by ancients the Classical writers of Greece and Rome. For in spite of the general influence exerted upon Marot by the growing interest in Classical ideals, he remained essentially *gaulois* in spirit, while Ronsard was wholly Classical. P. 71, l. 31, insert comma after "payé" instead of after "puis." P. 101, l. 1, instead of saying that the Revolution was prepared by Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, it would be well to state, by way of summary, that the unlimited extension of the royal prerogative, the unjust privileges granted to the nobility with the consequent separation of classes, and the exorbitant taxation of the people, had for more than a hundred years been preparing the Revolution; that the possibility of a reform in government was made popular by the theories of the philosophers; that the revolutionary spirit was encouraged by the successful revolt of the American colonies, and finally, that the limit of endurance had now been reached. P. 135, l. 4, *Terreur blanche* ought to be explained in a note.

To his History Mr. Fortier has added useful *Notes* (pp. 9) in English, explanatory chiefly of persons and places.

The study of French history is valuable, not only for its own sake, but also as an aid to the interpretation of the literature. The text-book under consideration is the work of a diligent student, a teacher of long experience, who has felt the need of such a manual in his own classes. It treats all the periods of French history; the style is clear and simple, well within the reach of those who have studied the language one year and a-half or two years.

The typography and binding are excellent.

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